For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry, till they haue ſingled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouth's, eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this poore Wat farre off vpon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill,
Anon with loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier, his wearie legs do ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmour ſtay,
For miſerie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lye quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike thy ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

Where

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the ſtorie aptly ends,
The night is ſpent; why what of that (quoth ſhe)
I am (quoth he) expected of my frends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall,
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich preyes make rich-men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Dyan* cloudie and forlorne,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cinthia for ſhame, obſcures her ſilu'er ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heauen, that were diuine,
Wherin ſhe fram'd thee, in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of *Nature*,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it ſubiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad miſchances, and much miſerie.